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POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

"The Friendly Newspaper That Dares To Tell The Truth."

Volume Three | Richmond, California, Friday, September 20, 1935 | Number Thirty Two

Jerome Will Try To Open Track

Dog-track Operator Disregards Veto of Governor Merriam, and determines to Resume Operations at El Cerrito

People Will Accept Challenge

It looks as if our good people who so justly wave the flag and rejoice in the right to live under Our Star Spangled Symbl of Justice and Freedom will have an opportunity, within a very short time, of demonstrating just what the American Flag means right here in Contra Costa County.

In open defiance of the fact that Governor Merriam vetoed the bill which would have legalized dog-track racing, Mr. John J. Jerome, the all-powerful, the omnipotent, the former strikebreaker, who operates the El Cerrito Dog Track, has, according to our information, sent out word to his employes of the dog-track to be in readiness to open the track up on Saturday night, October 5th 1935!

That defi throws the question of maintaining law and order squarely into the face of the good people of Contra Costa County; and it is time for each and every one of us to stand up and be counted!

Each and every minister of the gospel, each newspaper, each public official, is "on the spot" to see whether or not an institution like this El Cerrito Dog Track—which is the fulcrum from which all of the gamgling operations in this county develop——is going to be allowed to continue.

Let us hear, in no unmistakeable tones, just where everybody stands on this question.

It isn't a question of whether or not you are "liberal" or strict on the moral aspect of dog-racing gambling . . that is not the point . .the point is that the bill to legalize dog-track racing in California failed. Obviously, if it had been declared law that would be the answer to opening of the track as far as the law is concerned.

But the law was NOT enacted; and here we find Jerome and all those who are interested with him in this defi issued to all of us—sovereign people of this county—thumbing their noses at us, as it were—and vowing, "We're going you going to do about it?" This newspaper, the PROGRESS, also wants to know.

We believe that the El Cerrito Dog Track and the interests that are trying to keep it going are, in our opinion a greater menace to American government in Contra Costa County today than is so much-talked about Communism or Fascism, to both of which we are opposed. But the danger of either fascism or communism here is remote. The danger of "Black Jack" Jerome, backed up, for money, by some of our leading (?) citizens in an effort to start up this illegal dog-track racket again is right here with us now.!

Let us note who of our local citizens are willing to give aid comfort to this former strikebreaker —and judge them accordingly! We give it as our opinion that Public Opinion will win THIS battle. . . .if you let those of our local people who have got tangled up with Jerome know that you think they are wrong the people can win—on the other hand, if you let them believe they are smart to "get away with it", then Jerome wins.

(Note: For the benefit of those who are interested inthe result of the $25,000 damage suit trial—which was to have been tried on next Tuesday, we beg to inform you that the case has now been set for trial October 8th. As far as the general public is concerned, we are mostly interested in seeing just who it is in this county that Jerome expects to "perform" for him—who has he got bought and who hasn't hegot bought.—Ed.)

We confidently predict that the action of the Jerome Gang in the next few weeks, will make the most interesting epic in the history of Contra Costa County.

At least one newspaper will give you the clean and unvarnished truth, as we see it, calling the names, times, and places, as the news occurs—that is the POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS.

Incidentally, while we have understood that a delegation of ministers from Richmond, El Cerrito, and Berkeley are quite likely to be on hand the opening night of the Dog Track—as well as a considerably augmented force from the Sheriff and D. A.s office. . . what we are are mainly interested in, in view of Jerome's notorious record as a strikebreaker, is how many of those who attend will have union cards in their pockets! Organized labor, too, must be sincere, if this high-handed strikebreaker assumes to be the power beyond the law of this county!

Constitution Day Observed

Our hats are off to Commander John "Barney" Kinstrey and also Chairman Ruel S. Crose of the AmericanLegion for the splendid Constitution Day program put on by the American Legion at the Lincoln School Auditoriam last Tuesday n'ght.

If the truth be known, we were a little fearful that the day had been set aside as a Republican Roman holiday; and we were a bit loath to feel that the Legion would be made a part of a partisan move. However, it turned out that no possible fault could be found with the arrangements—and the committee is deserving of great praise for conducting one of the finest small patriotic meetings meetings ever held in Richmond.

The high school band was on hand and played the national anthem as well as such martial airs as the "Stars and Stripes Forever." Mrs. Elsa Galbraith Calfee sang "My Own United States" in her superb manner and other airs accompanied by Emil Esola.

On the platform sat the distinguished guests including Mayor Scott, Supervisor Long, Judges Odell and Moore, Councilman Tiller, High School Principal Tucker, Legionnaire Chas. W. W. St. John, Mrs. Isabella Nesbitt, Gold Star Mother, Spanish War Commander Bodin, and Messrs. F. H. Wilkins, W. C. Richards, and George Harlow, representing fraternal organizations.

Truman H. "Tony" DeLap, City Attorney of El Cerrito and Assemblyman of Contra Costa County, appropriately introduced the speaker of the evening who was a former U. S. Attorney in San Francisco—I. M. Peckman.

In an interesting manner the speaker described the formulation of the Constitution and its subsequent history, dwelling principally on the judicial end of the document, as might be expected from one of his profession. Since the memorable day in 1808, when Chief Justice John Marshall made the famous decision in the case of Marbury vs. Madison, the speaker claimed "the supremacy of the Supreme Court has made this nation what it is." He also frowned upon the idea of making judges out of foreign-born Americans as he felt, only native-born lawyers could get the proper 'feel' of the Constitution. Moreover, he felt that no "foreign born" advisors should be considered by public officials, from the President down.

Mr. Peckman decried present day conditions in Nazi Germany, claiming that if the German nation had had a Constitution like ours the German Revolution of Hitler would have been impossible. Which may be true; but, at least one thing may be said and that is, Hitler is scarcely more pro-German Nazionale than our Attorney Peckman is pro-American National.

And that reminds us that the first Pilgrims probably came to California in a comfortable Pullman car.

COMMENT

By the Editor

The Transbay Grapevine Telegraph Company has been buzzing all week, relaying messages from William Randolph Hearst on his projected orgy of oratory at the San Francisco Civic Center last Constitution Day.

It seems now, in aftermath, as though Constitution Day, instead of being a full-grown brain-child of the great publisher had turned out to be an unwelcome step-child after the Democratic orators had got their tonsils oiled up in stole the whole show over the rad-dio.

However, referring particularly to Mr. Hearst's San Francisco fiasco—when Mr. Hearst sends an invitation to a city official to be there, hedoesn't ASK 'em. He dares 'em to stay away! So the OFFICIALS were there, anyway. So, too, our No. 2 governor Geo. Hatfield—when George got the word he quickly grabbed 2 S. P. trains in Sacramento, and came down quicker than a wink. So HE was there.

But Hearst didn't do so good with what he thought was a surefire crowd when the school-teachers failed to send thekids down to the Civic Center. So, naturally, that meant the parents did not have to be there to take care of them. Consequently, Hearst had to depend for his sparse audience on the janitors, street sweepers, and other powerless employes of

(Continued from Editorial Page)

Leading Richmond Business Firms



It gives us pleasure this week to call attention to one of the outstanding financial institutions of the Eastbay—the Mechanics Bank of Richmond.

Owned and controlled by Richmond people entirely, this bank is noted for the friendly and efficient banking service which has brought it to its present exceptionally strong financial position.

Complete banking service to the Business Man, the Home Owner, the Automobil Ownr, and Character Loans are features of the Mechanics Bank.

Edward M. Downer is president of the bank; George Thornton, Jr. vice president; Willard S. Poage, cashier; Ernest Emmrich and S. R. Anderson, assistant cashiers.

THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER YEAR

Martha Ostenso

WNU Service. Copyright Martha Ostenso

SYNOPSIS

The little town of Heron River is eagerly awaiting the arrival of Anna ("Silver") Grenoble, daughter of "Gentleman Jim," formerly of the community, but known as a gambler, news of whose recent murder in Chicago has reached the town. Sophronia Willard, Jim Grenoble's sister, with whom the girl is to live, is at the depot to meet her. Sophronia's household consists of her husband, and stepsons, Roderick and Jason. The Willards own only half of the farm on which they live, the other half being Anna Grenoble's. On Silver's arrival Duke Melbank, shiftless youth, makes himself obnoxious. Roderick is on the eve of marriage to Corinne Meader, daughter of a failed banker. Silver declares her eagerness to live on the farm, and says she has no intention of selling her half, which the Willards had feared.

CHAPTER III—Continued

—4—

Rapidly he took stock of himself. It was three years now since he had been graduated from college, and although he still clung jealously to what he had learned there, the soil had taken him back to itself again. He had worked the Grenoble land since he was fifteen, and had vowed that some day it would be his own in fact. And now—

Roddy brought his car to a stop in the little garage beside the barn, and climbed out of it. He walked slowly through the starlit darkness up the path to the house.

He let himself in through the back door and struck a match, found the lamp and lit it. Odd, he thought, but he could have sworn he had heard a footstep in the front hall. He moved through the house and saw a white-faced girl standing in the hall with one foot on the first step of the stairway. She had a flowered, thick robe wrapped tightly about her, and she carried a flashlight and a pair of slippers. Her hair hung to her shoulders, and was soft and pale and wavy, and her eyes were, in that startling moment, enormous.

Silver was the first to speak.

"I suppose you are Roddy Willard," she said almost breathlessly.

"Yes," he said, and came forward with his hand outstretched. "And you are Anna Grenoble, of course." He tried to relax his mouth into a smile, to check his agitation.

"Yes," she said, smiling faintly.

"I only just heard—in Heron River—about what happened to your father," he said haltingly. "I'm terribly sorry."

Silver stood with one hand on the balustrade and gave him a shadowy look. "Thank you. I—" Her voice trailed away. "I couldn't sleep—so I went for a walk—down to the old house. I—I didn't expect to be caught prowling." She gave him an odd look, half apology, half defiance. "Good night," she said.

"Good night."

Sleep was out of the question. Roddy went back to the kitchen, turned the lamp low and stepped out the back door. The delicate bitterness of coming harvest filled his nostrils when he drew a deep breath. In a few days he would be a married man—and Corinne Meader established in the house of a farmer who looked into the future with blind eyes.

He found it difficult to believe that Jim Grenoble's death had coincided so nearly with his asking Corinne to marry him. It was almost like rust coming on the eve of reaping.

CHAPTER IV

—1—

TOWARD noon of the next day, Sophronia and Silver stood together on a crest of the gentle ridge which supported the new farmstead. The girl had her hands in the pockets of her white linen dress, and her eyes, which Phronie had ascertained were a very dark blue, were fixed upon the old house down below. Phronie followed her glance, and saw that old Roderick had placed a ladder against the north wall, and with an armful of shingles and tools had begun the ascent of the roof.

"Tell me, Phronie," Silver asked suddenly, "are you moving into the old house because Roddy is getting married, or because I am here?"

"Because you are here?" Phronie was indignant. "I never heard the like! Roderick and I always said that as soon as either of the boys gets married, back we go to the old place. Young people have a right to start out by themselves, I always hold."

Silver was silent for a moment as she thought over what her aunt had said. "I'm glad," she murmured at last. "I was afraid—perhaps—"

"Afraid of what?"

"I thought maybe Roddy's wife might not approve of me—because of dad."

The angry red sprang into Sophronia's cheeks. "She won't approve of me, neither, then—I'm Jim's sister. Corinne Meader ought to be glad she's got a home to come to, if I know anything. And I don't think she'll be fool enough to listen to every Tom-Dick-and-Harry's yarns. And if she does—let her! Jason'll stay with them in the new house, 'cause he fixed up his own room in the attic there just the way he likes it—with a skylight an' all for his funny oil paintin'. Jason's a queer one—but he won't bother Corinne, unless she can't stand him and his mouth organ."

"You said something about 'yarns,' Phronie," Silver said. "Do you mean things that fellow at the station last night has said about me?"

Sophronia hesitated for a moment. "Well, there's no use tryin' to hide from you what you'll find out for yourself anyhow, sooner or later. You know what people are, just as well as I do. When they've got nothing to do, they'll talk. Did you see that Duke Melbank when he was in Chicago this summer?"

"Dad said he came into our place one night, but I don't remember seeing him. So many people used to come and go."

"Well, he ain't worth rememberin'. But he has been talkin' since he came back."

Silver laughed ruefully. "Was he talking about dad?"

"Well—mostly about you."

Color rushed into Silver's cheeks. "About me? What does that creature know about me?"

Sophronia smiled reassuringly. "Some people talk most when they know least. As far as I can make out—the boys have been tellin' me—Duke don't say so much, but he hints plenty. There was a friend of Jim's, wasn't there? A fellow by the name of Lucas, I think."

"Gerald Lucas," Silver said, with her eyes fixed upon the downward slope of the hill. "I met him six months ago—two months ago—I thought I wanted to marry him."

"What manner of fellow was he?" Phronie asked, conversationally.

"Gerald used to practice law out West, but he got into some sort of trouble and was disbarred. Now he's against the world—and the world is against him."

Sophronia nodded sagely. "I guess I understand. Them outcasts appeal to women. I'm glad you got away from him without anything worse happenin'."

Silver's eyes darted to her aunt's face. Her heart sank. Sophronia was of another world, a good woman, placidly taking it for granted that her niece was still virtuous. Over the bleak loneliness that welled up within her, Silver resolved that it was better not to disillusion Phronie. After all, she need never know.

"Yes," Silver said breathlessly, looking away, "I might have married him. That would have been worse. But I told dad how I felt about him—and I knew as soon as I had told him that I'd rather die than marry Gerald. I can't explain it to you, Phronie. When I was away from him, I almost hated him. But as soon as he came back I was—well, I just can't explain it. I—I was sort of hypnotized."

"So that was why Jim decided to leave it all, eh?" Phronie asked with surprising shrewdness. "Duke Melbank has been tellin' it around that he seen you with him that night in Chicago, and you seemed kind o' stuck on him. I thought maybe Jim would have the sense to get you out of a mess like that."

"Yes," Silver said in a dull voice. "He wanted to get away because of me—partly. You see—he never seemed to realize that I was growing up."

"That would be like Jim!" Phronie explained and wiped her eyes. "Land sakes—let's not talk about it any more. You're here—safe with me, you poor child! Everything's all right from now on."

She brought her tremendous long arm down about Silver's shoulders, drew her awkwardly toward her



"Two Months Ago—I Thought I Wanted to Marry Him."

for an instant, then got mightily to her feet.

"Well," she blurted out, "you take a walk around and get acquainted with the place. I'll go down and fix dinner."

Silver watched the tall, gaunt woman stride away toward the house, then she walked to the eastern slope of the hillside and seated herself. In the field below the great black horses were being unhitched from the binder and led toward the barn. She saw Roddy run his hand down one shining black shoulder, and observed that in the act there was compassion, affection. In his attitude toward herself, last night, she thought unhappily, there had been little more than chilly formality. He had been polite enough, it was true, but far from cordial.

Well, she would not bother him. This was her place, in a deeper sense that it could ever be his. It was too soon for her to make any plan, any pattern, for her life from now on. But for the time being she would remain here, let Roddy Willard bring home a hundred wives who disapproved of her. Whatever had been beautiful and unmarred in the spirit of Jim Grenoble was still here—the pure and inviolable ghost of the boy who had known this earth. She needed this land that held the very roots of her being—she needed it to obliterate forever the dread and insecurity and violence of that other life, and the memory of Gerald Lucas.

Roddy had brought the horses to the watering tank, and as he glanced up at her on the slope, she looked quickly away. Presently he came up the slope toward her with long, swinging strides.

In the suddenness of their encounter last night, she had not really seen Roddy, she thought. Now she observed him with a cool sense of detachment and indifference. His face was blunt-hewn, his cheekbones and brows prominent; although his gray eyes were deep-set and unsmiling, they were widely spaced so that the upper part of his face had a surprised, boyish look; his nose was high-bridged, and seemed almost square with its well-defined nostrils; his mouth above the obstinate jaw was unexpectedly mobile. He was darkly burned, and beads of perspiration margined his forehead. He gave her an odd smile.

"I came up here to apologize for the way I acted last night, Silver," he said, and seemed to hesitate on her name. "If it isn't too late, I want to tell you how glad I am that you came straight here—to Sophronia.

He flushed a little, and Silver looked at him wonderingly.

"Thank you," she said simply.

His mouth drew to a straight line. "You are very polite," he remarked. "I didn't feel exactly polite toward you—last night I—well, I had other things on my mind."

"Of course," she said. "Phronie told me about it this morning. I hope you will be happy."

"Thanks." He looked away for a moment. "That was part of it, I admit. The rest can wait."

She regarded him with darkly brooding eyes.

"You may as well be honest with me, Roddy," she said slowly, "even if you don't know me very well. You don't want me here, do you? I know you mean to be kind—and—and you feel sorry for me, and that sort of thing. But deep down—you resent my owning half this land. You r sent my right to be here. And you are afraid of what your wife will think of me."

Roddy looked at her curiously, and strove to speak as he would to a child who was in error.

"I'll confess to your first charge," he said gravely, "up to a point. I've worked your father's land since I was a kid. I've always looked forward to the day when it would be my own property. I was afraid last night that I was going to lose it. But as for resenting your right to be here—I'm not quite as mean as that, Silver." He paused and looked away with misgiving as he sought for the right words in defense of Corinne. All morning the question of how she would accept Silver Grenoble had plagued him, to his shame. His doubts implied a lack of trust in Corinne's generosity that was mortifying.

"And as for the girl I am going to marry," he resumed resolutely, "you wait until you meet her before you jump at any unfair conclusions. You are probably over-sensitive—" He halted, hating to put into words what was in his mind.

But Silver leaned back on her palms, threw back her head and uttered a dry little laugh.

"I know what I'm talking about, Roddy, never fear," she said softly. "I had one friend after another in boarding schools, until their mothers looked up my background. But for all that—" Her eyes widened brilliantly, and her full, sweet lips parted in a serene smile. "—I wouldn't have given up one single day with my father."

"Everybody who knew him round here thought highly of him," Roddy said. "I'm sorry I never met him. Of course, I was only a boy then, and our farm was miles away from here."

Silver turned abruptly toward him. A change had come over her face, a guarded, secret look.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to speak of—of my life before I came here. I don't want you—any of you—to think that I've had a hard time of it. I—I really haven't. It was all splendid, in a way—but you would never understand that. But this—" She moved her hand lightly before her and gazed down on the land below. "—this is what I want now. I want to be here, where my father was happy. I don't think he ever really was—afterward. So you see you are quite wrong if you believe I won't want to stay."

Roddy thought of Duke Melbank and his mouth twisted in wry silence.

"Phronie," Silver went on, musingly, "probably didn't tell you what happened at the depot last night in Heron River, did she?"

He gave her a startled glance. "No. She didn't mention anything out of the ordinary."

"Well, you'll probably hear about it. I suppose it's the kind of thing that keeps a small town talking for a long time. But I'll tell you to prove to you that I'm not going to be scared away."

With ironical brevity she related the occurrence at the depot the evening before, while Roddy, under his tan, turned livid with wrath.

"Come," he said harshly. "Let's go down to the house."

She stood for a moment looking coolly up into his eyes. "I know now," she said, "why Phronie didn't tell you. I don't think there's any use in your getting into a rage about that person. You see—people will just have to get used to me, Roddy. They can get used to anything."

"I'll use my own judgment about Duke Melbank," he replied blackly, and taking her arm he led her in silence down the slope to the house. Jason, meeting them in the yard, looked at his brother with a whimsical smile.

"Old Shad Finney just called up," he reported in his soft voice. "He thought maybe we'd like to know that Duke Melbank left town last night."

* * * * * * *

It was Jason, unfathomable and dark and silent, who drove Silver and Sophronia two days later on that last quiet errand for Gentleman Jim Grenoble. Without ritual or dirge, Jim's ashes were scattered into the open soil above Anna Grenoble's grave, and when the dark earth wound was closed again a single yellow poplar leaf drifted down upon it and lay as though sealing what was done.

Jason said, "Trees know."

* * * * * * *

On the day before Roddy was to leave for Ballantyne to marry Corinne Meader, Sophronia and Silver put up the last crisp curtain in the old house. The pine floors and moldings had been scrubbed white, the rag rugs washed, the horsehair sofa and settee in the sitting room treated with gasoline. Beds and bedding had been moved down from the big house, and other essentials had been bought in Heron River.

Sophronia went to the narrow stairwell that rose almost vertically from the kitchen and called to Silver. "Come down and have a bite of supper, Silver."

When Silver appeared, Sophronia glanced out the back door. "There's Roddy," she remarked, "goin' into that old shop of his. Wonder if he don't know it's supper time. He's been actin' awful funny today."

Silver was standing beside her at the open door. "I'd like to see the inside of Roddy's workshop," she said. "Do you suppose he'd mind if I went up now and called him to supper?"

"Like as not," Phronie replied with a tolerant smile. "He probably thought you weren't interested in it. He's got everything in saucers and little bags and glass jars—with tags and labels and figgers—till it would make you dizzy to look at 'em."

"His corn has won a number of prizes, though, hasn't it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SOCIETY NEWS ✦ CLUBS ✦ LODGES

The Point Chapter Order of the Eastern Star will meet next Friday afternoon with Mrs. Margaret Allyn on Idaho Street.

The Point Baptist Ladies Aid had a covered dish luncheon last Thursday which was keenly enjoyed by a large number of members and friends. After the luncheon a business session was held at which Mrs. F.C.Bibbins, the president presided.

Point W. C. T. U.

The Point Union of the Contra Costa W. C. T. U. met Tuesday afternoon at the local M. E. Church, Mrs.Paul Dunlap presiding. Mrs. Hannah Bottom who is the County president was in attendance adding by her enthusiasm to the interest of the meeting.

Miss Ellen Pierce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Pierce, of 19 Piedmont Place, was seriously injured in an auto accident Sunday afternoon and was taken to the Humboldt Hospital suffering from a fractured skull.

Trinity Guild Whist

Trinity Guild is busy preparing for the Whist Party which is to be given in the Guild Hall on October 3d. At which party the beautiful crochet bed spread will be awarded, together with other valuable prizes

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bennison of San Francisco are visiting with the George Ellises on Golden Gate Avenue. The Bennisons were pioneer folks in Point Richmond and always meet with a hearty welcome here.

Mrs. Lucas to Entertain Guild

Mrs. W. S. Lucas will entertain the ladies of Trinity Guild at a luncheon Wednesday at one. Mrs. Lucas has a beautiful home and is a very popular hostess. So a full membership is expected to be on hand.

Point Chapter Order of the Eastern Star Entertains With a Colorful Jap Party

The Point Chapter Order of the Eastern Star met in regular session hursday night in the Point Masonic Temple. Mrs. Rose Dingle, beloved Worthy Matron, and Alfred Peterson, popular Worthy Patron presiding.

The occasion in addition to being one of the regular meetings a party, as well,given in honor of the appointive officers and their guests, who were similar officers from other Richmond chapters. Dr. A. J. Donough gave a fine sleight-of-hand performance and Mrs. Mary Rogers sang Japanese songs. The banquet table was decorated in Japanese style,the favors at each table being miniature Japanese lanterns; while the officers were attired in costumes appropriate to the occasion and lending an Oriental atmosphere over the entire scene.

Mrs. Ruby Harrison was hostess at the refreshments, assisted by Mesdames Corine Jeffries, Eva Doney, Ivar Owens, and Katherine Odell.

Mr. and Mrs. John Richebaugh and daughter, Winifred Erickson from Esparto, were week-end visitors at the home of Judge Odell on Santa Fe Avenue.

Our Lady of Mercy Parish to Give Whist Next Wednesday Eve

With Mesdames Banks, Corr, and Fitton as the committee in charge, Our Lady of Mercy Parish announces one of their very popular whist parties for next Wednesday evening, September 25th. A door prize of $5.00 is offered and there will be many other valuable prizes. Let's turn out and go.

Mrs. H. G. Stidham, a beloved pioneer of Richmond, who has been ill for several weeks at the home of her brother,Judge Odell, on Santa Fe Avenue, has somewhat improved after taking the treatments at the University of California Hospital in San Francisc, but expects to go there for an operation in the near future.

Camp Fire Girls Party

Mrs. C. A. Armand, Guardian of the Camp Fire Girls, gave a party to the Point group last Friday evening, when outside guests were invited by the girls. Among those present were Miss Ruth Dingle, Pauline Spiersch, Mary Wilkins, Ila Baker, and Regina and Eileen Cunan.

P...T...A. Will Give Play Day

The Washington School Parent-Teachers Association is giving a Play Day for the children of the Point on October 4th, on the local school grounds. The party will be ground teachers, and will be an interesting affair for the kiddies.

The Point Sewing Club has removed its fancy work display that has been on Macdonald Avenue eo Palmateer's Drug Store, Washington Ave. The tickets are on sale every day until the award is made at the bazaar which will be held October 3d.

Mrs. Gnaga Entertains

Mrs. S. H. Gnaga entertained the Arema Sewing Club, a connection of Miramar Chapter Order of the Eastern Star, at her home on Western Drive last Tuesday afternoon with an elaborate luncheon. About fifteen members were present. Mrs. Gnaga's home is a show place on the Western Drive, and is beautifully appointed with a wonderful garden. Mrs. Gnaga is ever a gracious hostess.

Mrs. Gnaga also had as her guest last Tuesday, Mrs. James Allison, a well-known former matron of the Point.

Mrs. N. S. Stephens and Mrs. J. P. Downey are atending the Alameda District Federation of Clubs at Castlewood Club House today.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Turley are spending the week-end at Cazadero, at the cabin of Mr and Mrs. H. H. Turley.

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By THAYER WALDO

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BENNIE set his lips in a very firm line and resolutely kept his eyes upon the ledger. Through the open window came the syncopated tinkle of a piano and the rhythmic click of dancing shoes. Merely by raising his head Bennie could have looked across the narrow court directly into the room whence came those sounds. He could have seen the keyboard, with Morrie Neal's nimble fingers skipping over it, and beyond, a flash of bare legs as Beth tapped upon the platform.

Now it must not be assumed that this self-denial was a matter of conscientious regard for duty with him. To be frank, Bennie rather heartily despised his job and on most occasions was quite ready to neglect it for diversion. Ordinarily, too, nothing could have been so pleasantly diverting as to watch Beth dance, even from this distance and with the foreshortened view. But today there existed most unusual, not to say unhappy, circumstances: Beth and Bennie were "on the outs."

It had all happened out of a clear sky. For almost a year they had gone together with never a quarrel. And in the past few months plans for marriage had become a frequent topic between them. As soon as Bennie completed his study of wireless, there would be a government position waiting. Perhaps he would be sent to some romantic spot and Beth would go with him as his wife.

Bennie found a sort of bitter satisfaction in dwelling on its finality. They were, he told himself with savage conviction, as far apart as if they had never met. Beth could go her own sweet way, and if it led her right into the arms of that—that rat, Morrie Neal—why, all right. He, Bennie, didn't care a snap. She had had her chance last night to choose, and she had said:

"Bennie Jackson, you're the meanest, most suspicious fellow I ever knew! Of courser, I'm going to keep on taking the lessons Mr. Neal's giving me. What's wrong with that?"

So Bennie had picked up his cap and stalked out of her apartment, very coldly. He wasn't the kind to let a girl see that she had hurt him. Maybe Beth had forgotten about the treasurer's office, right next door to the dance director's, and that Bennie went there several times each day to return accounts to the safe.

Well, if that was what she wanted, she certainly could have it without any more interference from him. He was going to finish his wireless studies in a hurry and then get as far away as possible from Zenith studio and Hollywood and Beth Millard. He reached in the desk drawer for the little manual he always kept there, determined to spend a few minutes reviewing code.

As he took it out, his eyes strayed in one fleeting glance to the window opposite. Immediately they riveted there; he sat upright, tense and startled. The shade was being pulled down over the lower half of the window. He just had time for a glimpse of a man's hand on the cord; then it was completely drawn and Bennie was staring at a blank buff square.

The music and the clacking tap of feet had ceased. Involuntarily, Bennie's teeth came hard together.

At that moment the sound of the piano was resumed. Bennie halted in his tracks, puzzled. Yes, there could be no doubt about it; now he even heard Beth's shoes again. He faced around, irresolute and wondering.

Suddenly he stiffened, listening with renewed intensity. . . . The next instant he had sprung to the phone and was frantically pounding the switch.

"Give me the studio police—quick!"

Two minutes later four men with drawn revolvers preceded Bennie on the rush to Morrie Neal's office. Neal sat at the piano, his face taut and strained. Beth was still tapping feverishly.

The door at the far side stood open. The studio policemen rushed across through it. There came a yell, a string of oaths, a sound of heavy scuffling—and the thing was all over. The four uniformed men emerged, securely grappling two others whose looks revealed their profession.

Beth ran into Bennie's arms and clung there, crying:

"Oh, darling, you're wonderful! I was so afraid!"

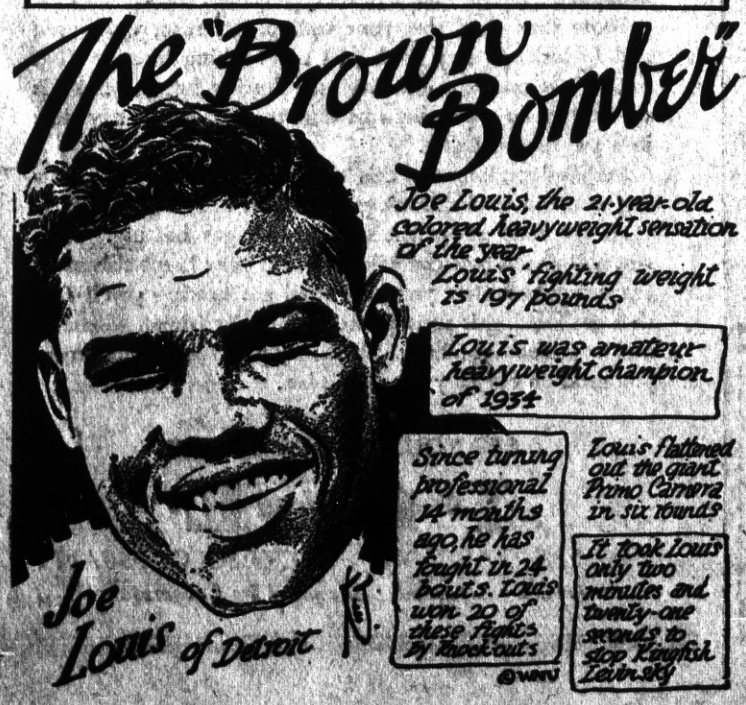
The treasurer of Zenith studio came out of his office, mopping his brow with a silk handkerchief, and gripped Bennie's hand warmly.

"You're a real hero, my boy!" he exclaimed; "but I don't understand—I don't see how you knew! Why, those thugs made Morris and Miss Millard here go on with their practicing and told the rest of us they'd shoot the first one who let out a peep!"

Bennie grinned down into Beth's upturned adoring face.

"Here's where the credit goes," he replied; "if she hadn't remembered how to tap out a message in Morse code, I'd have been half a mile from here by now, thinking she didn't love me!"

TOPNOTCHERS by KET



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WHO IS SUCCESSFUL?

By Ann Arden

In a recent discussion with a group of people, the subject of success was rehearsed. Some felt that those who had received high acclaim were sucessful; others thought that those who had accumulated finances thru their ingenuity; and still others thought that establishing oneself in acommunity, living quietly and unostentatiously is also being successful.

I would say that unless the success attained is beneficial to oneself, to others, brings happiness and contentment, it is bought too dearly. Often those who are so highly acclaimed are naught but swashbucklers, often despise the lowly who are still struggling upward. Many others often lose a sense of what is within the law and what is without, rather furthering their own ends than in being interested in those who may have helped them gain their success.

It appears thot those who have gradually, strugglingly, climbed from round to round toward the top, are able to 'take" their success with greater fortitude. Too large a dose of success to any individual plays havoc with the moral calibre. Many conservative citizens, noting theeffect success has upon great numbers of those who appear outstanding, prefer the daily routine of faithful adherence to duty. And are they not extremely successful? Instead of attempting to impress the world with their bigness, they effectively perform their daily task with fortitude and thanksgiving. Their philosophy of satisfied living is often much more pleasing to their neighbors, the general public than the continued ballyhooing of the socalled topnotchers. In fact, the silent struggle with a wayward son, theconstant prayers of a devoted mother for her offspring, are certainly the characteristics of an intensely self-submerged person whom I would call worthy of great acclaim, yet scarcely are they ever considered in heir battle for sucess of others.

So often young people early express desires to emulate sensational individuals. Many of these individuals are born with great talent, but unless they have moral stebility with their talent, dissipate all theirenergy on mediocre fun-making, lose their ability to express their great genius of mind needs to be afflicted with weakness o fthe body. It is only when there is a lack of the sense of appreciation for the physical and a spiritual neccessity for developmentthat the genius suffers an early breakdown. Let us hope that while children are young, mothers and fathers will help them to appreciate that moral and physical stability is neccessary for their prolonged success, rather than a sudden flare-up with a lingering relapse. The accounts we read of young people trying to end their lives is so often a result of too ardent desire for fame and success. Let us help them make the wish come true by reasoning with them for a slower, safer, and a saner method toward sucess. Let us impress them with the knowledge that not always are the spectacular truly successful, but rather also the quiet, unassuming struggler who contributes faithfully, day by day, his little share toward the building of greater comfort, greater development for his little neighbors and those that come after him. Many lowly ones tucked away in some nook of the globe may be actually contributing more to the real progress of things than the front page noisemakers. These noisemakers may actually be doing mass destruction to further their own ego. Is he that destroys, a success?

Are you thinking of visiting the San Diego Fair? This city is one of romantic charm, interest- have told me how cheaply they did the fair. It is a grand drive along the coast route one way and the valley route another; and a pleasant way to traverse this district with a purpose. In another article I will tell how inexpensively and yet delightrully we saw the Fair, making stopovers at some of the charming points enroute.

HEARST'S DAY DRAWS SMALL CROWD IN SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Front Page)

the city.

MORAL: If Mr. Hearst wants to draw a large patriotic crowd next time—he had better pick on the Fourth of July!

BEST LAUGH OF THE WEEK ..

WAS WHEN—

* * *

—Attorney Peckham of San Francisco,speaking here the other eve- that he preferred exclusively to require all judgeships to be filled by native-born Americans. Sitting behind me was one of those wisecrackers, who made the remark: "Yes, because it takes too much time to teach these foreign-born judges to forget their modesty!"

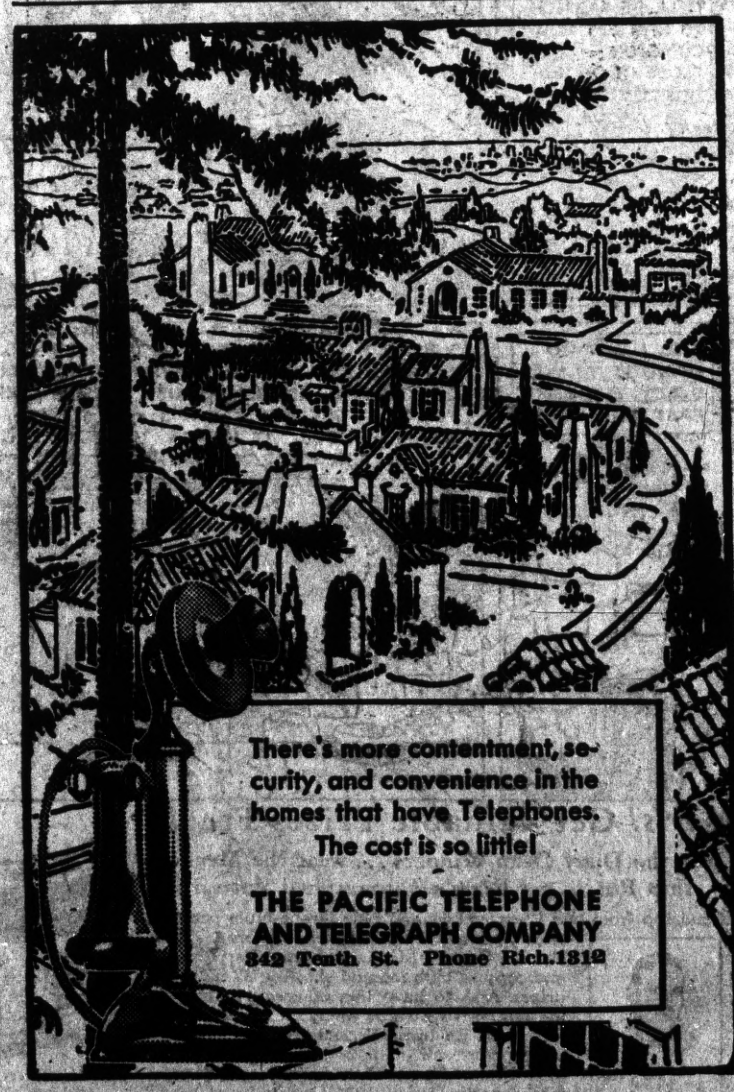
NATIONAL SAVINGS MARK INCREASES

NEW YORK.—The annual savings compilation of the American Bankers Association for the year ending June 30, 1934, shows that for the first time since 1930 total savings in all American banks recorded an annual increase.

A statement by W. Espey Albig, Deputy Manager of the association in charge of its Savings Division, in the organization's monthly magazine "Banking," says that savings deposited in banks as of June 30, 1934, gained 3.5 per cent as compared with a year earlier.

"The aggregate is an increase over last year of $742,132,000, the first since the year which closed June 30, 1930," he says. "This is a notable achievement, for the decline since 1930 had been precipitate and all-embracing. In that year savings had reached the all-time high of $28,478,631,000. A year ago the amount was $21,125,534,000, a loss in three years of $7,353,097,000. This year the figure stands at $21,867,666,000.

"Depositors, too, have gained in number, going from 39,262,442 on June 30, 1933, to 39,562,174 on June 30 this year, a gain of 299,732. Four years ago there were 52,729,432 depositors, or one depositor for each 2.3 persons in the country. Now there is one account for each 3.2 persons."



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Moral for the Immoral

By JOHN E. DE ROSI

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FRANKIE AMORY had never been in love. He did not believe in love. He said there was no such thing. At least, not for him. He was right.

For Frankie, alas, was a professional gentleman, a gigolo—a genteel swindler, clever at the precarious art of blackmail.

But Frankie, despite all his wisdom, had erred, and the police were after him. He had made the sad mistake of pretending to make love to a police commissioner's wife, a very wealthy woman. Unfortunately, however, her husband happened to be a remarkably perceptive man and in a short time Frankie was very suddenly leaving the city.

Frankie alighted at a summer resort high in the mountains. He took a room at the leading hotel and slept through most of the day. That night, at a costume masquerade he met Mrs. Winters, a wealthy, middle-aged divorcee. Frankie immediately went to work.

That week-end he was a guest at a house party in the great white castle on the mountainside that was the Winters' mansion. And there he met Stephanie. He had been strolling among the guests with the possessive and almost girlish Mrs. Winters and they had come upon a large group at one end of the drawing room. Mrs. Winters playfully grasped one of the men by the sleeve.

"This is my bad, bad nephew Lyle," she said to Frankie, smiling broadly. "Lyle, this is Mr. Amory."

"Lyle has brought a charming young thing for the week-end," said Mrs. Winters.

Frankie could catch only an occasional glimpse of the shoulder of the girl beyond Lyle. She was almost entirely screened by the men about her. Lyle turned toward her. "Oh, Stephanie. . . ." The girl emerged from the circle smiling. Her eyes met Frankie's.

Frankie gasped. His heart seemed to stand still.

The next morning he sought out Stephanie. "I must talk to you," he implored. "Can't we walk somewhere?"

She nodded eagerly, her eyes very bright, very innocent, very young. "I'll get a jacket—" She touched his arm in a gesture of confidence —"I won't be a moment!"

He watched as she hurried away. She was so sweet!

They followed a little path up the mountainside and sat for hours in a cleared space overlooking the broad, far valley below.

After dinner they went for a drive. In the gradually gathering darkness they drove slowly up the mountain road. Passing a smooth stretch of gravel Frankie accelerated the car, and the wind whipped about them. Stephanie laughed, moving close to him. He laughed with her. His arm, in an unconscious motion, dropped over her shoulder. She leaned her head against the soft pad of his coat.

Farther on they stopped and watched the moonlit valley below. They sat there a long while. Once Stephanie said, "Oh, Frankie, isn't it grand! Couldn't you just stay here forever and ever?"

He looked at her. Everything within him seemed to fall away and leave him limp and lifeless. He took her hand. "Stevie," he whispered, "you're adorable!"

She looked shyly up at him. She said nothing, but he could feel her move to him. She held her eyes to his lips. "I like you, too, Frankie. . . ." She came very close to him. The moon's light was silver on her moist, parted lips, luminous from her night-shadowed eyes.

He drew her to him, tight, tight. He could feel her soft fingers over his face, tracing the line of his lips, his chin. His words were lost in the silken cascade of her hair, but she heard them— "I love you, Stevie. I love you. . . ."

* * * * * * *

Lyle Winters slumped down in a chair with a shrug of resignation. Stephanie came across the room drawing on her gloves. She was a different Stephanie. There was an alien air of icy briskness about her. She spoke calmly to the man in the chair, but her tone was brittle. "Well, did you get the dough from your aunt?"

Winters nodded. He reached into an inside pocket and brought forth a neat parcel of currency. "Got the letters?"

"Yeah." Stephanie opened her hand-bag and produced a packet of envelopes. "Let's have the dough."

Envelopes and money changed hands. Winters sighed with relief. "Why the big rush, anyway?" he asked. A horn tooted outside.

The girl nodded toward the window. "The fish are biting."

Winters rose and went to the window. "Amory?"

The girl nodded. "Yeah." She crossed the room and paused by the door. "Well, so long." She smiled. "And say, never write love letters to girls you don't know anything about." And she was gone.

Winters saw Stephanie bend over and kiss Frankie. He watched as the car slid down the driveway.

"Well," he murmured, half aloud. "I wonder how much she'll get out of that sucker. . . ."

Maybe a Turnover

Don't judge the cigars a man smokes by those he gives away.

Tonsorial Brotherhood Is One of the Oldest

Barbering is one of the oldest of what are sometimes denominated personal occupations. Shaving the head, or some part of it, has been practiced from the earliest times, even among nations which discouraged the shaving of the beard.

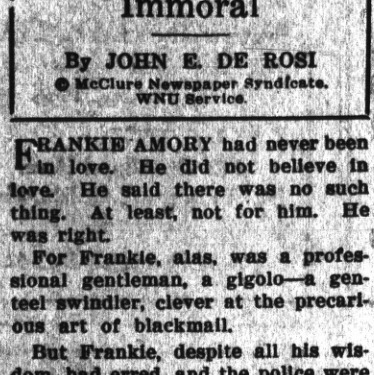
Etymologically, the term barber, from the Latin word barba (beard), denotes a shaver of the beard; but it seems that hair-cutting and shaving have usually been accounted one occupation. Shaving is spoken of in Job 1:20; Genesis 51:14; Leviticus 13:33; and Leviticus 14:8, 9, and in several other Old Testament books; but the first place where the barber is directly mentioned is in Ezekiel 5:1: "And thou, son of man, take thee a barber's razor," etc.

Figures on Egyptian and Assyrian monuments, and on some of the oldest of Chinese porcelains show that shaving of the beard and head as a sign of mourning, or subjection, or religious devotion, was practiced among all these ancient peoples.

It is plainly impossible to discover the origin of barbering. It is interesting to know that in former times this calling was regarded a a profession, dentistry (at least the lancing of gums and drawing of teeth) and bloodletting and leeching being a part of every first-class barber's business.—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Origination of Word "Tram"

The word "tram" is sometimes said to be derived from Outram, a man who ran vehicles on stone rails in 1800. But another and just as feasible suggestion is that it is connected with a German word, "traam," meaning a balk or beam. This was applied as long ago as the Sixteenth century to trucks used in coal mines, which ran on long wooden beams as rails.



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Milnesia Wafers, pure milk of magnesia in tablet form, each equivalent to a tablespoon of liquid milk of magnesia, correct acidity, bad breath, flatulence, at their source, and enable you to have the quick, pleasant, successful elimination so necessary to abundant health.

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Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended by users the country over. Ask your neighbor!

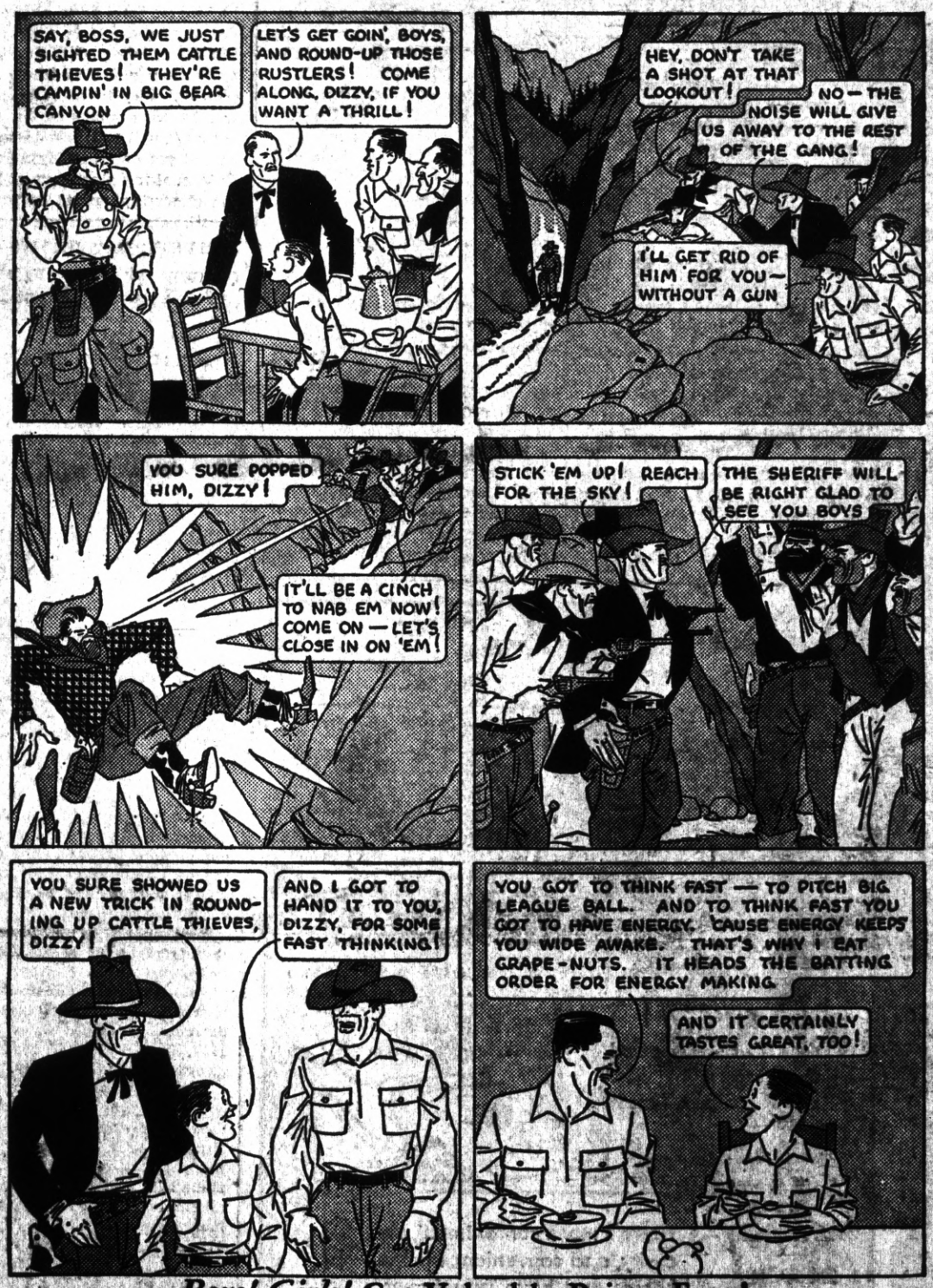
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Dizzy Dean Autographed Portrait. By Bachrach, size: 8 by 10—with Dizzy's facsimile signature. Free for 1 Grape-Nuts package-top. In ordering, be sure to ask for Prize No. 504.

Join the Dizzy Dean Winners . . . wear the Membership Pin . . . get Dizzy's Autographed Portrait!

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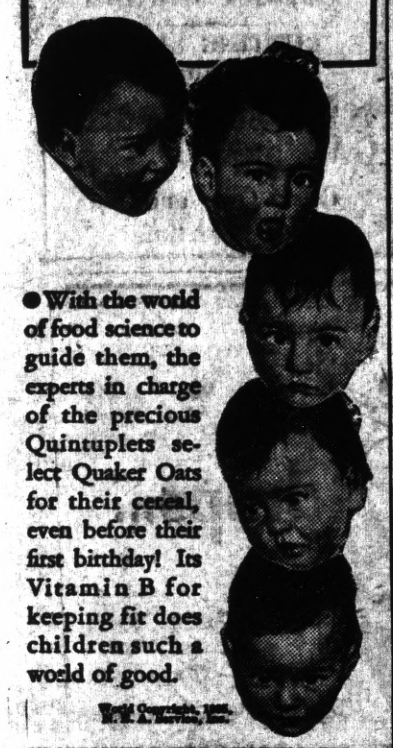
Among the 34 members of the crew of the Soviet freighter which carries general cargo, five of the sailors are women. One of the group is third officer, another is assistant engineer, two are stewardesses, and another an assistant in the steward's department.

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Old Fashioned Patchwork Quilts



By GRANDMOTHER CLARK

From all indications quilt makers will be busy this winter making more quilts. Quilts are still very attractive for needle workers, and any suggestion on this work will be welcomed.

Patchwork Quilt making is much easier today than during Colonial days. Patches are more easily obtained. Diagrams and cutouts for patches and books of instruction are printed. All of these make the work easier and more quilts are being made.

Grandmother Clark's Book No. 20 on Patchwork Quilts contains 30 quilts with cutting diagram for patches, also several ways to assemble 12 and 18-inch quilt blocks.

This book contains information and diagrams for the quilts shown above and many other old designs. Send us 15 cents for this book No. 20 and receive it by mail.

Address Home Craft Co., Dept. D, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

Norman Bonnet



Stitched black antelope is fashioned into this charming norman bonnet. A stiffened veil is cleverly manipulated to emphasize the slanting front line and to flare at the sides.

NEW TYPE OF EDUCATION

Many universities and private institutions now offer for adult students certain courses in which the real professors are children, two, three and four years of age. This new type of school may be called a nursery school, a child institute, a child research center or a preschool laboratory. It makes little difference what it is called. All such schools exist for the purpose of giving the elders an education.

In her article "Pupil—or Professor?" in Hygeia, Elizabeth M. Stalnaker explains how a group of nursery school children showed by their natural responses the right and wrong ways of training children and how they worked out in truly stimulating and enlightening manner various problems of community life.

EVENING ENSEMBLE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Velvet for evening, velvet for daytime, velvet, velvet, velvet! All signs point to a velvet season. The evening ensemble pictured is of deep red stiff velvet—a Chanel model. Luxurious marten collar and cuffs add to the glory of this superb creation. Note the button fastening of



the gown. Many of the Paris dresses show a down-the-front button closing.

STYLE HINTS

Heavy lace in bright colors is a popular choice for next season's evening gowns.

Fine black net veils, chin length in front and falling in long flowing lines at the back, give piquancy to small flower toques.

Plaid printed velveteen makes a jacket blouse that buttons down the front with leather buttons.

New neckwear this fall will show all kinds of interest in the materials used as well as in its many varied styles.

Gold braid, which has blossomed out on the new military minded frocks and suits for fall, is repeated in hat trimmings.

A group of evening gowns shown by Lelong in Paris are entirely beaded with small shimmering sequins in a solid color.

Velveteen is the material used for many youthful models for fall.

In Paris they are dying furs to match fabrics of the costumes they trim.

BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.—Adv.

"Hand and Seal"

The use of the form "witness my hand and seal" is simply a relic of olden times when comparatively few people could write. Documents were authenticated by an impression of the hand or the thumb dipped in ink and placed on the paper. This was the seal of the person. When education became more general, the "hand" or handwritten signature was substituted for the impression. State laws usually require wills to be witnessed, though not necessarily sworn to before a notary.

Japan's Sacred Shrines

The shrines on the islet of Enoshima, Japan, are sacred to the goddess Benten.

Housewife's Idea Box



To Wash Walls

For best results, wash your walls in this way, provided they have a good oil-paint finish: Use three cloths. Wring first one as dry as possible from light soap suds. The second one, which you will use for rinsing, wring from clear water. The third, have dry for wiping immediately each small portion washed. Use an up-and-down motion.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

● Public Ledger, Inc.—WNU Service.

The Name "Parsifal"

The name Parsifal, used in Wagner's opera of that name, is apparently an adaptation of a name appearing in many countries: "Percival, Parzeval and Parsifal, all apparently derived from the Welch Pecedur, the meaning of which is searcher for the basin or cup. The opera is concerned with the search for the Holy Grail, or cup, from which Christ gave to his disciples the wine at the last supper.

Green, White Jade Having Tremendous Vogue in Paris

Green and white jade is having a tremendous vogue of popularity in Paris now. One-third of every jewelry shop window is devoted to fascinating carved necklaces, pins, clips and earrings, while fat rounded bracelets of uncarved jade are matched by round jade rings. Knick-knacks of carved jade such as small, fat Buddhas on jet stands, ugly little monkeys and awkward elephants are made in green and white jade and vary in size from tiny miniatures to statuettes of 8 or 10 inches in height.

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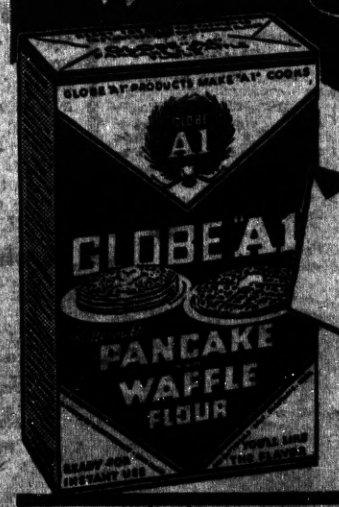
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The Editorial Page of the **POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS** The Friendly Newspaper that Dares to Tell the Truth

HARRY R. BURT, Editor and Publisher

The POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS is a weekly newspaper published and printed each Friday at 24 West Richmond Ave., Richmond, California. Entered as second-class matter Feb. 15, 1935, at the post office at Richmond, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price 5c per copy; 75c for three months; $1.25 for six months, and $2.00 the year. Our staff comprises: Harry R. Burt, Editor and Publisher; Matthew McCarthy, Business Manager; Katherine McCracken, Social Editor. A Democratic newspaper that is solidly behind President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

What Next??

By S. C. Masterson, Jr.

NEWSPAPER editorials are at a loss (so they claim) to explain the fact away that while the index of business activity stands at 80, unemployment figures are still in excess of ten million. Some—mostly Republicans—have stated it is because businessmen are afraid of New Deal Democratic experiments and others (Democratic) claim it is because Big Business wants to put the New Deal into disrepute with the voters of the country.

Both arguments are too simple to require refutation, the real reason is obviously not political at all. (Of course, it is true that many businessmen are frightened by New Deal experimentation and it is true that Big Business would like to discredit the Administration, but that is another story which we need not go into at this time, in fact it is a story which we will never go into unless asked to do so with tears in somebody's eyes).

A real reason is to be found in the fact that while the country has been in the grip of depression large concerns have NECCESSARILY improved plant and process. I say neccessarily because as depression curtailed production, management found it had to increase efficiency or face ruin because of competition from those companies who had improved in their technological processes. Desired result has been achieved, as now more goods can be produced with fewer men. In financial terms, this means more profit per hour operated. In human terms, it means a growing body of unemployed who can never hope to find employment in private industry. Reconciliation of these diverse terms of our economic equation is the problem that must be faced by all our State and Federal leaders. All our State and Federal leaders. It is a day that w do not dare too long postpone.

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REPUBLICAN'S COLUMN

Point Richmond Progress would indeed, be an ungrateful newspaper if we did not appreciate the splendid suport given us by all of those Republicans here who are just as loyal to the "Point" and its progress as we are.

For which reason—and also because we have a certain sense of humor and can laugh at a joke on ourselves as well—we re-publish the following excerpt about "25¢ Democrats" which recently has appeared in a national magazine. It is guaranteed to make even a confirmed Jeffersonian laugh. With our compliments to the gang here it is:

PROVIDENCE, R. I.— Democrats are all enthused over a plan to "soak the rich." Which is natural for Democrats. I never yet saw one who ever had more than twenty-five cents to his name at any one time. Democrats are naturally envious of people who are successful. Failures themselves, they hate the men who have made this nation what it is.

The Democratic Party is made up of failures. Men who talk much. A typical Democrat makes me think of a type who hung around the general store in my home town. He ate the grocer's crackers and told bystanders what HE would do if he were the government! Then, when he was sure his wife and sons had all the chores done at the farm, he'd go home to supper. The most important legal or economic business he ever transacted was to put his signature on the paper that mortgaged his farm!!

The average Democrat is as poor as a church mouse and not one half as energetic. Most intelligent of them are merely dreamers. Meanest of them are merely wreckers. That's the Democrat of yesterday and it is the Democrat of today!—James Moultrie Pierpont Morgan.

"ME and the BANKER"

Dear Mr. J. M. P. Morgan:

We can readily appreciate that your namesake and others of the plutocratic type are natural born Republicans—and to the rich, we give you the Republican party to have and to hold forever. We understand that you will hold your convention next year in a small penthouse in Atlantic City. May we hope there are not too many vacant chairs.

We have always been able to understand why a rich man should belong to the Republican party which is the party of high tariffs, chain-store mergers, low inheritance and income taxes, etc., but we never have been able to understand the reason why some poor wretch whose trousers are worn out at the seat and frayed at the cuffs should say: "I am an old-line HOO-ver Republican." Such a one has not got the usual excuse of toadyism—i. e., to be a Republican because the rich are Republicans, and maybe we better pretend we are rich and try to vote that way—"Me and the Banker!—or the other excuse that his good 100 per cent American boss let's him know that he better vote Republican or there will be no job. No, that genus is fortunately few—for most people who are in hard straits—and who isn't today?—are in the Democratic party where they belong, as they were in '32.—"the Lord must a loved 'em, he made so many of 'em."

No, Republicans, we don't give you the rich, you've already got them; we give you the "Me and the Banker"s—WE don't want 'em—and as for the poor people, they will be voting in 1936 as they did four years ago—Democratic!

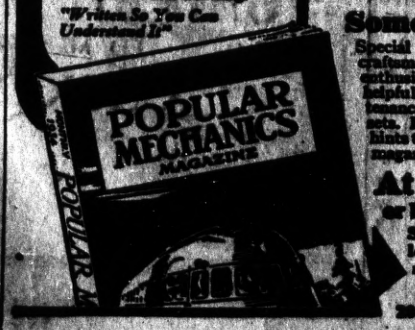
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Review of the History-Making Events of Last Week

Assassination of Senator Long Stirs the Nation—Great Britain Ready to Take Sanctions Against Italy—Ickes Versus Hopkins.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

© Western Newspaper Union.

HUEY P. LONG, United States senator and political dictator of Louisiana, is dead, the victim of an assassin's bullet. As he passed through a corridor of the state-house in Baton Rouge, where the legislature was passing more laws to solidify his control over the state, he was shot once through the body by Dr. Carl A. Weiss, Jr., of Baton Rouge, one of the "Kingfish's" political opponents. The assassin was immediately shot to death by the senator's ever present bodyguards.



Huey P. Long

The surgeons and physicians worked unceasingly to save Long, but his strength steadily waned and shortly after 4 o'clock Tuesday morning, about 30 hours after the shooting, he passed away.

Long's body lay in state in the rotunda of the Capitol building while many thousands passed by the bier. The impressive funeral services were held on the front terrace and the dead senator was interred in a sunken garden of the Capitol grounds. Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, the young minister who deserted a rich parish in Shreveport to follow Long, was the only speaker at the funeral. The only music was the song, "Every Man a King," played in minor key and dirge time by the State University band.

Though the man who killed Long was known as one of his political foes, the real story of the assassination was shrouded in uncertainty. Earl Christenberry, secretary of the late senator, declared that Long was murdered as a result of a conspiracy; that a number of his enemies formed a "jury of death," and that Doctor Weiss was selected by lot to fire the fatal bullet. To those who are familiar with the conditions in Louisiana this story does not sound especially fantastic.

What will become of Long's "empire" is a question that agitates all his followers, and all the people of the state as well. For the present, it seemed likely, the members of the Long machine will sink their personal ambitions and try to hold the organization intact. It will be difficult for them to decide on a successor to the "Kingfish" as their leader. Gov. O. K. Allen is considered too mild and peace-loving. Seymour Weiss—no relative to the assassin—treasurer of the Long organization, is the strongest man in the lot, but he has always drawn back from holding public position. Allen A. Ellender, speaker of the house, may be the man finally selected, though Lieut. Gov. James A. Noe is to the fore.

Political leaders of all parties expressed their deep regret for the assassination of Senator Long. His devoted followers in Louisiana and elsewhere mourned his death. He had been one of the picturesque figures in America's political life, creating innumerable enemies but persistent in advocating his ideas which appeared fantastic to most citizens. A Democrat, he had broken with the administration and often bitterly attacked President Roosevelt and the New Dealers. It was the belief of many that he intended to become the Presidential nominee of a third party comprising his own "share the wealth" crowd and various other groups dissatisfied with the policies of the old parties.

RESTORATION of the Greek monarchy is coming nearer and presumably Former King George will be the man to occupy the throne. Premier Tsaldaris has put himself on record as favoring the restoration, and President Zaimis has indicated he will be willing to resign to make room for a king.

Tsaldaris said in his statement:

"I attribute the nervous tension at present existing in public ranks and the army to general anxiety concerning the question of a constitution. I consider democratic royalty as the natural regime of Greece and ask the people to vote for it in the impending plebiscite."

MUSSOLINI tacitly consented to the appointment of a committee of five nations by the League of Nations council to handle the Italo-Ethiopian embroglio, and after protest agreed that Great Britain and France should be among the members of that body. The other members are Spain, Turkey and Poland. Senor Salvador de Madariaga of Spain is the chairman, and he and his associates at once began the task assigned them. Each country is represented by its chief delegate, being besides Madariaga, Eden of England, Laval of France, Rustu Arras of Turkey and Josef Beck of Poland.



Salvador de Madariaga

Soon after the assembly of the league opened its session, Sir Samuel Hoare, British foreign secretary, electrified the gathering by an outspoken warning to Italy and France. He declared Great Britain recognized Italy's need for expansion and raw materials but would not admit these could not be obtained peaceably. Pounding the tribune, he said:

"Britain stands for steady collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression." He paused, struck the tribune again, and repented quietly:

"Steady collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression."

Sir Samuel more than intimated that Great Britain was prepared to take sanctions against Italy in case of aggression provided all the other members of the league shared the risk; and if not, then England was prepared to isolate herself from the continent. This seemed to put it up to Premier Laval of France, to choose between the friendship of Britain and that of Italy. Laval meanwhile was trying to persuade Mussolini to accept another plan he had devised and postponed his speech to the assembly.

Representatives of the Netherlands and Sweden were the first to support Hoare's position announcing their countries would fulfill all obligations including collective penalties if any member became a victim of aggression.

In two speeches in Rome Mussolini gave indication that he would not be diverted from his purpose to conquer Ethiopia. Though in one he said "the Italian people want peace provided it is accompanied by justice," in the other he declared "we shall march straight on." The Ethiopian government announced that "telegrams from the northern frontier show that the Italians are making important troop movements on the Ethiopian and Eritrean frontier, indicating an early offensive against Ethiopia."

Accepting the advice of his "brain trust," which includes Everett A. Colson of the United States, Emperor Haile Selassie instructed his representatives in Geneva to reject all solutions thus far offered by the powers for settling the quarrel with Italy. These are a tripartite mandate over Ethiopia, as suggested by France, with the League of Nations guaranteeing Ethiopia's independence and territorial integrity; France's proposal for an Italian protectorate similar to that of the British in Iraq, and an international police force similar to the one that occupied the Saar before its restoration to Germany.

THREE men who made independent investigation of the deaths of 256 war veterans in the Florida hurricane reported they found no evidence indicating culpable negligence on the part of any persons. They were States Attorney G. A. Worley of Miami, Aubrey Williams, representing Federal Relief Administrator Hopkins, and Col. George E. Ijams of the veterans' bureau, representing President Roosevelt.

This finding was denounced as "whitewash" by James E. Van Zandt, commander-in-chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars; John J. Skillman, commander of the Miami chapter of the same organization, and other representatives of veterans' societies. Van Zandt's statement called on President Roosevelt to ignore the official report and take action against "officials guilty of negligence."

"If there officials had heeded the storm warnings or had been in the least familiar with seasonal climatic conditions, the tragedy could have been averted, all witnesses agree," Van Zandt declared.

The commander's statement continued:

"'Whitewash reports,' official though they may be, bear false testimony when eye witnesses, survivors, and trained news gatherers are unanimous in the opinion that there was gross negligence on the part of properly constituted officials."

PUBLIC WORKS ADMINISTRATOR ICKES and Work Progress Administrator Hopkins got into such a quarrel over the spending of the $4,000,000,000 fund that the President had to call them to Hyde Park, together with the third and neutral member of the triumvirate—Frank G. Walker, the director of the national emergency council and administrator of applications.



Harry Hopkins

Others called to the important works-relief parley included Daniel Bell, director of the budget; Charles West, under-secretary of interior; Corrington Gill, assistant of Hopkins; Fred Ironsides, administrative assistant of Walker; and Col. Horatio Hackett, chief of housing in the public works administration.

Mr. Roosevelt was determined to have peace, and told those present that the prime necessity at this time is to make jobs quickly, always keeping in mind the idea of turning workers back to private industry as business warrants. This looked like a victory for Hopkins, who favors quick jobs, over Ickes, champion of permanent public works. The President has declared that he hopes 3,500,000 persons can be removed from the relief rolls and put to work by the first of November.

THOUSANDS on thousands of enthusiastic Germans gathered in Nuremberg for the convention of the Nazi party, and to them Reichsfuehrer Hitler issued a proclamation asserting that Germany has won her military freedom and attacking the "Fourteen Points" of Woodrow Wilson on which the Versailles treaty was built.

"WE WENT to war on foot, and we're joining the parade the same way," declared about 150 of the grizzled veterans who attended the annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in Grand Rapids, Mich. So these sturdy old men marched in the big parade while the rest, numbering some 250, rode in automobiles. Here were all that remained of the hundreds of thousands who answed the call to the colors in Civil war days, save for a few who were kept at home by extreme age and illness. Some of the states had no representatives in the line, but their flags were carried nevertheless. From other states there were but one or two. It was a pathetic but inspiring procession, watched by thousands whose eyes were dimmed by tears and escorted by Sons of Veterans, American Legionnaires and Veterans of the Spanish war.

Oley Nelson, ninety-one, of Slater, Iowa, was elected commander-in-chief, to succeed Albert R. Stacey of Elbridge, N. Y. In a session of the organization the proposed reunion at Gettysburg next year with the Confederate veterans was discussed, and Commander Stacey made it plain that the affair would not be held under the official auspices of the Grand Army.

LEGAL attack on the Guffey soft coal act has been opened by 16 coal companies operating in Harlan county, Kentucky, in Federal court at Louisville. They brought suit for injunction against its enforcement, charging that it violates the federal Constitution in these ways:

1. It violated the fifth amendment, which forbids taking property without due process of law.

2. It violated the tenth amendment, which reserves to the states, or to the people, all rights not granted the federal government or forbidden the states.

3. It attempts to delegate legislative power.

4. The section levying a 15 per cent tax on all coal production, with a 90 per cent refund to producers submitted to the code provided by the act, is "an unconstitutional attempt on the part of congress, under the guise of taxation, to punish those producers of bituminous coal who are unwilling to surrender their constitutional rights."

5. Congress has no jurisdiction over and no power to legislate upon certain matters covered by the act or the code.

The companies declared they would refuse to submit to the act and the code it authorizes.

Former Federal Judge Charles I. Dawson filed the action as counsel for the plaintiffs. Judge Dawson recently left the bench to re-enter private law practice after declaring unconstitutional the NRA, the slum clearance condemnation proceedings, the taxes imposed by the Kerr-Smith tobacco act, and other New Deal measures.

REACTION of American business and financial men to President Roosevelt's latest public statement that his basic program has reached substantial completion and industry will have a breathing spell ran the gamut between mild hope and downright unbelief. Those who permitted themselves to be quoted were generally extremely cautious in their expressions, but there was usually a vein of skepticism in their remarks. Wall Street brokers were gladdened by a spurt of trading at higher prices, but bankers were more than doubtful, and economists insisting that a balanced budget, which wasn't mentioned in the President's letter to Roy Howard, publisher, was a prime requisite.

Silas Strawn, former president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, said: "Business men generally will say that the improvement in some lines of business has been in spite of, rather than because of, the activities of the administration."

Politicians regarded the letter as Mr. Roosevelt's opening of his campaign for re-election, and praised or decried it according to their party affiliations. Frank Knox of the Chicago Daily News, a potential candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination, called it "just another promise" and set forth the many campaign promises which Mr. Roosevelt has failed to keep. Senator Black of Alabama said the statement was "a wonderfully clear explanation of his program, its original aims and its execution. It should be a call to those engaged in business to co-operate in further national progress."

UNIVERSITY of Michigan is rejoicing over a gift of $5,000,000 for enlargement of its graduate school. The money is donated by the Horance H. and Mary A. Rackham fund, based on the bulk of the estate of the late Horance H. Rackham, Detroit philanthropist.

One million dollars will be spent to purchase a square block of land adjoining the present campus and for a new building. The remainder will be employed as an endowment. The income will be used to promote research. By the terms of the agreement the school will be known as the Horace H. Rackham School of Graduate Studies.

"The purpose of the gift is twofold," Dr. Mark S. Knapp, director of the fund, said. "First, to create a memorial, and, secondly, to place the university on a firmer foundation as one of the greater universities in this country. It will provide means for original research, funds for which have been lacking."

EDWARD L. DOHENY, one of the wealthies. of America's oil magnates, died i. Los Angeles at the age of seventy-nine years, after a long illness. His oil interests were mainly in California and Mexico. In 1924 Doheny and his old friend, Albert B. Fall, secretary of the interior under Harding, were involved in the investigation of the government's leasing of the Elk Hills naval oil reserve in California to Doheny for exploitation.

Doheny was twice tried and twice acquitted, on charges of conspiracy to defraud the government and of giving a bribe of $100,000 to Fall. The latter, however, was found guilty of taking a bribe and went to prison.

GERMAN Ambassador Hans Luther called on Secretary of State Hull and entered formal protest against the language used by Magistrate Louis B. Brodsky of New York in dismissing charges against five persons arrested for tearing the Nazi flag from the liner Bremen in July. The magistrate justified the action of the rioters on the ground that the display of the flag carried, in their minds, "the same sinister implications of a pirate ship, sailing defiantly into the harbor of a nation, one of whose ships it had just scuttled, with the black flag of piracy proudly flying aloft."

Judge Brodsky also characterized the Nazi state as "an atavistic throwback to pre-medieval, if not barbaric, social and political conditions."

Ambassador Luther, who was acting on instructions from Berlin, must have known that Secretary Hull couldn't do much about it, having no control over a city magistrate. However, Mr. Hull tried to mollify an angered Germany by intimating to Governor Lehman of New York that an apology from Brodsky was in order.

PROGRESS SPORTS

News of the Sport World, Mostly Local, in "The Friendly Newspaper That Dares To Tell The Truth"

BUS SERVICE FOR PARK DEDICATION CEREMONIES

We have been informed by our good friend, J. E. Robbins, and his efficient transportation commitee for the big Alvarado Park Dedication, on Sunday September 29th, that arrangements have been made to provide buses from ten o'clock in the morning until five in the evening, making continuous round tripsto the park from the bus station on 10th Street near Macdonald Avenue. There is no reason why anyone who wants to attend the celebration need stay away with such adequate transportation facilities—as the fare is to be but ten cents or one token—and transfers will be honored.

This is of particular interest to Point Richmond as we can board the bus here and transfer without extra charge to the park from the bus station.

Besides Mr. Robbins, chairman, the committee includes: Vincent Hidalgo: George Stuffler; and Thomas Dunleavy.

William Penn Offended Father

William Penn, Quaker founder of Pennsylvania, caused his father much grief by his "waywardness" when he took up the new and radical religion of the Quakers.

TOPNOTCHERS by KET



SAN JOSE STATE COLLEGE RESIGNS FROM CONFERENCE

Coaches and representatives of schools in the Far Western Conference met at Sacramento last Sunday, and voted unanimously to accept the resignation of San Jose Teachers College from the conference.

San Jose, Bud DeGroot coached, asked to resign and play independent games several weeks ago at the time it announced a policy of assisting football players through college by paying room and board for those who could not otherwise afford it.

San Jose and For-Western opponents on its schedule this season may play according to regulations drawn up between themselves, it was decided at the meet-

POINT MERCHANTS TEAM IS NOW READY FOR LEAGUE

Boys Team Representing Point Is a Credit to Its Sponsors

The Point Richmond Merchants Baseball team which promises to give the boys from various industrial plants a good run for their money in the softball league was unfortunat in their first league encounter; but the boys report that this only insures the bacon as it will be the last one hte drop.

Talking with Manager Palenchar, of the Merchants, we find everything hotsy-totsy except that the boys are having a little trouble taking care of the expenses, such as balls and bats—so we volunteered to put a story in the who have not already contributed paper so that any Point Boosters to the team may now do so.

Bring your donation to this office. We will see that the boys get the money.

CALIFORNIA TO GET 1937 GOLF MATCHES

The 1936 Amatuer Championship will be played ver the historic Garden City Golf Club Course at Long Beach, hte United States Golf Association announced last Saturday.

At the same time, oheU.S.G.A. disclosed it had decided to conduct the 1937 tournement on the Pacific Coast. The location has not yet been decided. This will be the second time that the tournement has been held on the Pacific Coast, htelast one being held ae Pebble Beach, California, in 1929. And it is presumed that it will be held there in -937 as it is considereed one of the bst golf courss on the Pacific Coast.

Georgia's Size

Georgia, with an area of more than 59,000 square miles, is the largest state east of the Mississippi river. Florida is second.



Hugh Bradley Says:

ORDINARILY this space is not devoted to answering letters, but I have a feeling that there may be many other young fellows in the same fix as the one who sought advice three days ago. So—:

Dear Ted—If I were you I would not worry too much about what the boys say at school. Neither would I strain too much this summer. Perhaps the coach is right in saying that you are too small for football. But what of it? You are only sixteen years old and you have plenty of time for adding extra pounds and inches so that you can make your letter.

Look at Jim Braddock. Up to the time he was twenty-nine years old he was kind of small for the honors he really was seeking, and the grown-up boys used to say a lot more about him than the boys at your school possibly could imagine. He did not fret about it. Instead, years after most men in his line would have been through growing or advancing in any fashion he added an inch to his height and 20 pounds to his weight. Then he became heavyweight champion of the world by beating Max Baer.



Braddock

As for your figuring that 115 pounds is not enough for a baseball player because you have read that managers prefer strapping six-footers, let me tell you a story. It goes back through the years to the decade that was known as the glamorous nineties.

Baseball was young then, a teeming, boisterous sport. The ball was not endowed with the elastic qualities of a later era, and when fences were built far from the home plate, a giant could seem needed to produce a batting average of .432. It is a mark that never has been equaled since that season and has been beaten only once in the sixty recorded years of the sport.

Want to see the man who achieved it as well as 243 hits, a record toward which not even the giant Hank Greenberg may aspire?

No, I am not trying to kid you. That pale little fellow with the thin cheeks and the angular elbows folded across a narrow chest is not the bat boy. This is on the level. Ted, no matter what the boys at school may have told you. What? How could such a half pint rise to the heights when strapping pitchers and burly, far-ranging fielders rallied to defend against him?

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For many years now, it is a custom among those Richmond motorists who are most particular about their cars to drive in to COSTER, & SON—the TIRE MEN, to have them look over the rubber "shoes.,, The reason for this is that this firm is noted for expert advice in our chosen line. Whether it is a new tire, a re-tread or a job of vulcanizing, there is no better place in this world to come than to.....
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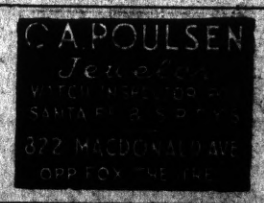
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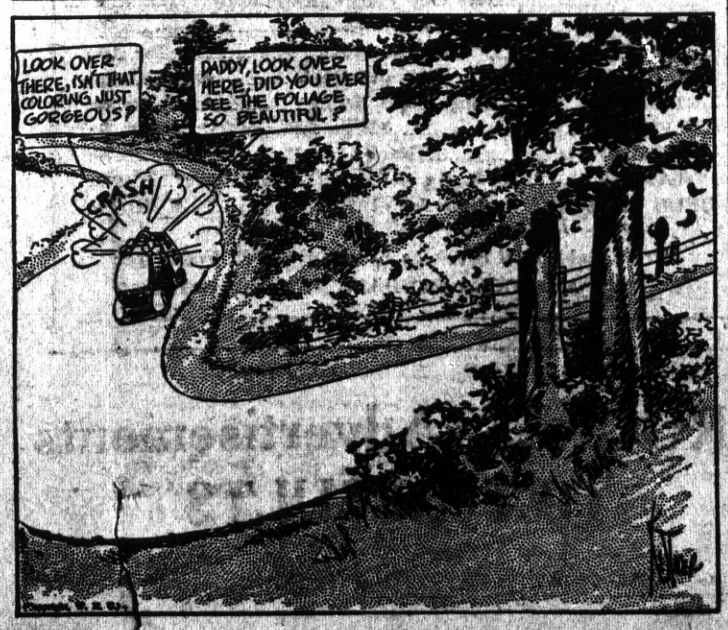


WNU Service.

Events in the Lives of Little Men



Along the Concrete



No Time Lost

"How're you getting along," asked the plumber putting in a belated appearance to mend the broken water pipe.

"Not so bad," replied the man of the house. "I taught my wife to swim while we were waiting for you."

S—S—S!

The old Indian at the dude ranch was busily whittling out arrows.

"What's his job?" said the easterner who was being shown around.

"Him? Him heep munitions maker," explained the redskin who was acting as guide.

Really!

Curious Old Lady—Why, you've lost your leg, haven't you?

Cripple—Well, I'll be darned if I haven't!

Choice

"I have cast these figures eight times, sir."

"Very good and thorough."

"Here are the eight results."

Literary Rivalry

"Your magazine articles are rather sensational in their tone."

"Yes," replied the popular writer on economics. "I have to make 'em that way to keep people from skipping them and reading nothing but the fiction."

Why Blushes Creep

"A vivid blush crept slowly over Daphne's face," she read. "Why do blushes always 'creep' over a heroine's face?"

"Because," said he, the brute, "if they ran they'd kick up such a dust!"

Just a Youngster

"Who was the king of France at the time of the French revolution, James?" asked the teacher.

"Louis the Thirteenth—er, Fourteenth—er, Fifteenth—oh, I don't know, but he was in his teens, anyway."

Heard Obscurely

"What does Harold call his motor boat?" asked Maude.

"I can't say exactly," replied Maymie. "But I'm sure what he called it when he was trying to start the engine wasn't the name painted on the bow."



WASHINGTON MARKET

34 Washington Avenue

Phone Richmond 131

WE ARE ALWAYS OPEN SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS UNTIL NOON.

TOMATOES.....No. 2 .....3 lbs. 5c
LETTUCE ..... 2 heads for 5c
CELERY ..... per head 5c
BELL PEPPERS .....3 lbs. 10c
POTATOES .....Boxes average 35 lbs.... per box 33c
FRUIT COCKTAIL ..... net weight 15 oz. ....2 cans 25c
LEMONETTES..... dozen 10c
TROCO .....lb....16½c ....2 lbs. 33c
SEMOLINA and MACARONI .....lb...9c
See our windows for BUTTER and EGG prices
RINSO....small packages....ea..7c; RINSOlarge pkg..ea...20c
LIFEBUOY SOAP ....2 bars 12c
ORONITE FLY SPRAY.....pint cans.....each....37c
INSTANT POSTUM .....4 oz. cans.....ea...22c
JELLO ..... 2 packages 11c
SWANSDOWN Cake Flour ..... 2 packages 27c
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WHEATIES ..... 2 packages for..... 21c
Scotty Allen DOG FOOD .....2 cans 15c
CRISCO .....1 lb can..21c;.....3lb. can.....58c
Kraft MIRACLE WHIP ½ pint....15c;pints 24c; quarts 41c
Kraft VELVEETA CHEESE.....½ lb. pkg.....15c
NEIGHBORHOOD COFFEE ....2 lb.with chinaware free 55c
RED SKIN SALMON,.....No. 1 tall cans.....ea.....11c
SLICED BEEF .....2½ oz. glasses ea.10c
Wellman GROUND BLACK PEPPER, 4oz. can.....ea.....10c
Wellman PRESERVES—(Strawbery-Youngberry and Marmalade) ..... 2 lb., 6 oz., jars....ea.....39c
Wellman PREPARED MUSTARD Cocktail Glass..5 oz.....10c
Standard TOMATOES.....No. 2½ cans.....ea.....9c
SPINACH, Wellman, No. 2½ cans,.....each....13c
SUGAR.....10 lb. cloth bags.....each..... 51c
STEEL WOOL (Large pkgs.)—solid roll..6c; individual ..8c
SHINOLA White liquid or Paste.....each..... 8c
CAMPBELL'S SOUPSall kinds ..exc Tomato Chicken 3-25c
VAN CAMP'S PORK && BEANS ..... 13 oz. can ....ea.....9c
PINK BEANS ..... 4 lbs. for.....25c

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915½ Macdonald Ave.
Phone Rich. 470

The thanks of the editor of the Progress and friends, Fred and Gus, are due to that splendid friend, Mrs. Mary O'Brien, 132 Washington Avenue, for the treat of stuffed bell peppers offered and partaken of by us last Tuesday. A culinary delicacy, of indescribably delicious flavor, we hail Mrs. O'Brien for her recipe and her ability.

Carl Alexander
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FIRST METHODIST CHURCH
"Little Red Church on the Hill"
R. H. Walsh, Pastor

Sunday Church School - 10 o'clock
Morning Worship ..-.. 11 o'clock
Evening Service - - 7:30 o'clock

We have classes for all ages in our Sunday Church School. Last Sunday we inaugurated a Junior Church Service. This follows the Sunday School and is part of the regular morning worship service. The pastor gives a sermon for the youth. This serbice is very well attended and promises to be an asset to our church. This Sunday morning at the regular church service the Rev. Walsh will preach on "Creative Living."

The evening Union Service is to be held at the Methodist Church this week with Rev. Loveridge, pastor of the Point Richmond Baptist Church delivering the sermon. You are welcome to all services.

BRIGHT SAYINGS

CIVIC PRIDE

I see that Macdonald Avenue is now completely resurfaced, and I must say that it looks pretty nice. But doesn't it seem funny that every time we get a street fixed up n'cely, some company has to come along and dig it up again. Well, anyhow, Civic Pride is something we all have. It isn't much. But it is something to be proud of. Now we, the CITIZENS of Richmond have everything that any other CITY has, and more too: schools. Churches, Parks, and last but not least, we do have something that other cities of the Eastbay haven't got —and that is the beaches.

But I doubt if we have them very long. At te present time the beaches, here in Richmond, are open to anyone. And it seems as if the public, from cities other than Richmond is using them. That is fine, BUT— After they have spent the day here and pick up their blankets and load them in the car and go home they FORGET TO PICK UP THE TRASH AND OLD PAPERS. And that is true, not only of folks that live out of town, but SOME FOLKS WHO ARE LIVING RIGHT IN RICHMOND as well. And they put up a big squawk when these companies put up NO TRESPASSING SIGNS. That is the reason that the general public have been stopped from certain grounds.

Maybe some time the folks will learn to clean up after themselves but they will never learn until some drastic step is taken. And that step may be when the city is compelled to take over the bay beaches and charge admission.

Classified Ads

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FOR RENT — Sunny rooms. with board, if desired. Mrs. Mary O'Brien, 132 Washington Avenue. 5-17-tf

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BUTTER ..... 92 score ..... Lb...32c
BUTTER.....Monogram..... Lb...30c
EGGS....Large and fresh.... in cartons.... ....dozen..... 27c
EGGS....Medium and fresh ..in cartons..... dozen..... 23c
EGGS ....Small and fresh ....in cartons..... dozen..... 23c
MILK .... Golden State.....tall cans 2for 11c
GELATINE DESSERT .....L.G.A.....6 pkgs. 25c
BAKING POWDER .....Calumet .....1 lb. tin.....23c
JEWEL OIL ..... For salads and cooking ½ pint btle 10c
BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE.....½ lb. cake.....14c
TOMATOES PUREE .....No. 2½ tin.....3 for 25c
COCOA.....L.G.A. .....2 lb. tin 20c
SAUERKRAUT.....L.G.A.....No 2½ tin.....2 for 19c
APPLE SAUCE.....Trupak..... No. 2 tin.....12c
FRUIT SALAD.....L.G.A. ....No. 2 ½ tin.....23c
RIPE OLIVES .....Large No. 1 tall can 16c
HYDRO COOKIE SANDWICH .....package 16c
BREAD .....Large 1½ lb. loaf.... 12c; One pound loaf..9c

COFFEE SPECIAL



M. J. B. COFFEE
1 lb. can 28c
2 lb. can 55c
3 lb. can 83c



MJB Jr. Coffee
1 lb. package
21c

CHASE & SANBORN DATED COFFEE ...1 lb. pkg. 32c
I. G. A.RED "A" fresh ground for you COFFEE Lb. pkg.17c

F R E E ! !
One French Cap with 3 cans of SUNBRITE CLEANSER
ALL for 14c
F R E E ! !
2 GIANT BARS of Crystal White Soap with the purchase of 1 Large package of FELT'S Granulated SOAP POWDER
ALL for 30c
SUGAR.... Pure Cane...cloth bags 10 lb.....Special price
See Our Prices in Window
ORANGES.....Sweet and juicy.....each.....1c
GRAPEFRUIT .....100 size.....3 for 10c
EGGPLANT .....Nice and fresh .....each.....5c
LETTUCE .....Large solid heads .....2 for 5c
CELERY .....Utah .....Large .....each...5c
CUCUMBERS .....Fancy .....each.....1c
POTATOES .....U. S. No. 1s .....Box 35c
BELL PEPPER .....Nice for stuffing .....2 lbs. 5c
—FOR YOUR SUNDAY DINNER—
Try a Baby Beef Steak or Roast or a Milk Fed Fryer
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